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## Literary Selections.

From Tait's Edinburgh Review.

### THE SLAVER.

"Better turn out, Sir—ship's going down—boats getting out, Sir."

Such were the words that aroused me from a troubled sleep, into which my wearied senses had sunk after days of anxious watching. I hurried on my clothes, secured my money and such of my valuables as I could collect in the pockets, and made my way on deck.

The ship was lying under a single sail, but she now rolled heavily in the trough of the sea, and no longer buoyantly surmounted each wave that rushed down upon her. But that the sea in a great measure had gone down, and her deck must have been swept continually. The foremast had gone by the board, dragging with it the mainmast; and the whole fore part of the vessel presented a scene of irreparable wreck and destruction, that bore fearful testimony to our long and terrible battle with the elements.

But it was on the quarter-deck that the most unequivocal signs of defeat presented themselves. Here were crowded together the debris of our broken army, in a state of terror and confusion, the only exceptions to which were the crew of the ship, who were steadily clearing away the wreck that impeded their operations, getting out the boats, and passing the necessary stores into them, in the midst of fainting and wailing women and distracted men, rushing about in quest of some remnants of their property which they might save, or harassing the officers and seamen in vain queries and supplications.

The first boat was at length lowered, and the women one by one placed in it. In obedience to the sacred law of self-preservation, I endeavored to take the last place vacant, but was thrust back by a brutal sailor. An obese old lady, whose weight must have been far more dangerous than mine to the over-laden boat, was lowered in, and it pushed off from the sinking vessel. Another followed, and I at last succeeded in obtaining a seat in the third. The boats were almost instantly separated by the raging waters, and of the other two I never since received the slightest intelligence.

After two days of unexampled peril and privation, we at length descried a small spot of land, but surrounded by dangerous breakers. Already within a few hundred yards of safety, our boat was suddenly upset by a roller, and of all its living freight, I alone reached *terra firma*; which, though a practiced swimmer, I had the utmost difficulty in accomplishing. And even in the moment of deliverance, I doubted whether my lot was greatly improved by the change. I was now on a small rock, an outpost of the Florida Reef, covered with white sand, and without a trace of animal life or vegetation on its surface; while far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen around but the rolling of the waves or the dying foam of the breakers.

It may not be out of place here to offer a few words of explanation with respect to the circumstances which had placed me in this forlorn position. It had been determined to send an able and experienced writer to visit the abodes of slavery, to search the inner recesses of his darksome den, to bring his most secret iniquities to light and to hold the monster up in all his deformity to universal execration. The choice had fallen upon me for I had ever been known as one of the most zealous in the cause, nor, I trust, were my talents unequal to the mighty task. But not to wander further from my subject, I was on my way to New Orleans when my course was arrested by this disastrous event.

For three days more I remained on the rock subsisting on the shell-fish that clung to its sides, and the brackish water that welled up from its sands. At last, as I awoke one moon-lit night, from unrefreshing slumber, I was overjoyed by the sight of a vessel heading towards my inhospitable dwelling-place. As she came nearer, I perceived that her course must carry her past the rock at the distance of nearly half a mile. I had no means of attracting attention in that imperfect light; and rather than lose this chance of release, I determined to entrust myself to the mercy of the waves and the sharks in an attempt to intercept her. I accordingly swam out to a point that seemed to lie nearly in her course, and awaited her approach. The vessel soon came near enough for me to discern her distinguishing characteristics. It was a small schooner under full sail, and apparently very swift; the low dark hull seemed scarcely to af-

ford a support for the immense sheets of canvas that gleamed white under the moonshine. I was about to call for assistance, when a doubt of her character flashed upon my mind, and I resolved to use more caution in approaching a vessel of such suspicious appearance. I therefore swam silently forwards till directly in her path, and as she at length surged past me, succeeded in grasping a rope that hung over the side and clambering unperceived into a port-hole.

The place in which I now found myself was perfectly dark, but from the stifling smell and the casks that came in my way, I concluded it to be a receptacle for stores of some kind. I had remained here for some time, considering how I might proceed to assure myself of the vessel's character, when a peculiar scent, which seemed to come from the other side of the bulk-head I was leaning against, assailed my olfactory sense. I recognized it at once, for I had stood on the platform by the side of that dark apostle of freedom, Thomas Jumbo—who made his escape from slavery in a quart bottle—and inhaled the odor of sanctity which in those impassioned moments pervaded the atmosphere for yards around him. A horrible suspicion rushed into my brain, and was the next moment fearfully confirmed.

From not a very distant part of the schooner, sounds of revelry had for some time reached my disapproving ears. From the same quarter a voice now rose on the air, giving utterance to the following abominable ditty, every word of which burned itself indelibly into my abhorrent memory:—

With sails full and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we;  
We passed the bank, stood round the light, and sailed away to sea.

The wind was fair, the coast was clear, and the brig was now a-slow,  
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

We safely had got off the coast before we saw a sail,  
Then we packed on every stow which would stand,

Though the wind it blew a gale;  
And we walked along full fourteen knots, for the bark she did make  
As well as every inch of board, 'twas time for us to go.

We'd carried away the royal yard, and the stunsail-booms were gone;  
Says the skipper they may stand or go, I'm damned if we don't crack on!

So the weather brace we'll round in, and the try-sail set also,  
And we'll keep the brig three points away, for its time for us to go.

O, yardarm under she did roll in the trough of the deep seas,  
And the masts they thrashed about like whips,

As she plunged before the breeze,  
And every yard it buckled up like to a bending bow,  
But the spars were tough as whalebone, and 'twas time for us to go.

We dropped the Britisher in the night, and our cargo landed we;  
Then ashore we went with our pockets full of dollars on a spree,

And when the liquor it is out, and the locker it is low,  
Then to sea again in the ebony trade, 'twill be time for us to go.

The last chorus of this horrible chant came to an end, and was succeeded by a sound of what were doubtless the handles of dirks and pistols beating the table in applause. I had then escaped from the loneliness of the desert rock, only to become the inmate of a slave ship, and my heart died within me.

A movement on the other side of the bulk-head recalled me to the recollection that I was separated but by a single plank from the victims of these incarnate demons. A new idea took possession of me. I am not, I confess, physically courageous, but a solemn sense of duty nerved me to the task—and I coughed.

"What de debil's dat?" said a voice, in startled self-communing.

"Do not be afraid," I answered; "I am an Englishman and a good Christian. I will relieve you and your fellow-captives from your fetters, if you will assist me to capture the vessel and take her to England, where you will be free the moment you touch the soil."

But without waiting to answer, my interlocutor rushed from the spot. An instant after there was a trampling of feet around me; I was seized by a dozen rough hands, and dragged on deck. I was now surrounded by a group of brawny ruffians, most of whom, from the state of their habiliments, seemed just aroused from their lairs. Ere I could frame an answer to their fierce and confused queries, several others, who, though in sea attire, appeared somewhat superior to the rest, came up from the cabin.

"Avast there!" roared a ferocious-looking man with a black beard and whiskers, whom, by his voice, I recognized as the chanter of that Moloch anthem, "Shiver my timbers, if it ain't a bloody

pirate. Bless my dear eyes, but I'll blow his brains out." And he presented a large pistol at my head. I closed my eyes involuntarily, expecting instant death.

"You'll scare him out of his wits, Timmins," said another, who seemed to be the captain. "Let's hear what he has to say for himself first. Now, sir, what's brought you here?"

But I was frozen with horror and could not get out a word.

"Take a drink, shipmate," said the first speaker, pulling a cork out of the muzzle of pistol. "If you are to be run up to the yard arm to-morrow, that ain't no reason as how you shouldn't splice the main brace to-night."

I was a little reassured at the temporary respite; and discovering that Staffordshire had had more hand than Birmingham in the manufacture of the formidable weapon offered me, I forced myself to swallow a small portion of the liquid fire which it contained, and at last found my tongue. I detailed the circumstance of our shipwreck, my own escape, and the manner of my coming on board. My conversation with the informing slave I disdained to relate or deny, especially as the attempt would have been useless. They listened seriously enough to my account of the shipwreck and subsequent disaster, but at every sentence of my personal narrative I was interrupted with peals of inhuman laughter.

"Well," said the captain, when I had finished my story, "after three days of clams and mussels you will have no objection to a change of diet. Billy, there, will give you some supper, and find you something to put on; (I had swam off in my shirt and trousers;) and now I vote we turn in."

And he disappeared with his companions. Most of the sailors also went below, and I was left alone with the treacherous black, who, it appeared, was compelled to serve as sort of under-steward, a foretaste of the slavery to which he was deservedly doomed. He conducted me into a kind of store-room, and set a homely but plentiful meal before me, in which, in spite of my fears, I did ample justice. I had no inclination to hold any converse with him after the peridy with which he had met my offer of liberation; and felt relieved, when having hung up a hammock, he bade me good night with an insolent grin.

It was late next morning when I awoke. After partaking of breakfast, which I found laid out for me, I ventured on deck, not without some misgivings as to my reception, which were, however, dispelled by the burst of laughter that greeted me from the captain and his friends. No further threats were held out, but there was a proposal to make me swear the dreadful oath which bound those lawless men together, and enter as one of them. The point, however, was not pressed, and I escaped this awful danger.

I, of course, concealed my name and the purpose of my journey. To have revealed either would have been to fall an instant victim to the passions of those unrelenting monsters, who would assuredly not have let slip the opportunity of destroying so dangerous an enemy to their nefarious traffic. After a while, they seemed to tire of me, and I was left to dispose of my actions much as I pleased.

Encouraged by the temporary good humor in which some of the commoner ruffians appeared to be, I by degrees entered into conversation with them, and succeeded in drawing from them some of the horrifying details of their soul-searing employment. On these subjects they seemed to take not only pride, but actual pleasure in imparting information; for, at the recital of deeds of which my benumbed faculties almost refused to contemplate, yells of demoniac delight would burst from all within hearing.

Thus the first few days of my captivity passed. In the evenings I was occasionally summoned into the cabin to the presence of the superior villains; compelled, though an advocate of tee-totalism, to mingle in their carousals; and employed in entering up what they called the log of the voyage from details orally supplied by the company. The abuses of iniquity revealed by these awful records were such as the most prolific imaginations of gifted fellow-laborers have never yet descended into. From these infernal statistics I gathered the overwhelming facts, that in the limited space afforded by the hold of this schooner (which measured barely one hundred and eighty tons), upwards of two thousand human beings had been immured at the commencement of the voyage; and that nearly three-fourths of these had since perished from the horrible cruelties practiced on them; which

were recounted with no signs of remorse and with positive merriment.

But not alone in the log were these miracles of wickedness recorded. These, with even the minutest particulars that I could glean from the sailors, I transferred to paper in the secrecy of the room allotted to me, which was rarely intruded on; though I trembled at every noise while thus engaged, since my life would inevitably have been sacrificed by discovery. From these materials, in the course of little more than a month that I passed in this evil vessel, I had compiled a work which would probably at once have sunk the cause of slavery to the lowest depth of ignominy. The schooner and her demon crew were minutely described, and the diabolical character of each abandoned individual delineated from physiognomical evidence. As the interior of the hold was jealously concealed from me, I was obliged to depict its horrors from my theoretical knowledge of these arks of torture. In fact, I never could ascertain its precise locality. But besides that from the great extent of the cabins, it must have occupied but a small space even for a vessel of that size, never to my knowledge was even space ventilated by the removal of the hatches; nor were the negroes ever permitted, as in other slaves to stretch their cramped and manacled limbs and inhale the refreshing sea-breezes on deck. Indeed, the only black whom I saw while on board was that despicable traitor, whose crime I did not omit to set down in these denunciatory pages.

There was another point on which I could obtain no satisfactory information, either from the crew or their superiors. This was the present destination of the schooner. Not that there was an apparent unwillingness to answer my questions on either of these subjects, but the answers varied, almost with every person I addressed. At length, however, I was one morning startled in the seclusion of my cabin by the welcome announcement that land was in sight. I hastily concealed my papers in various parts of my dress, as I crossed in with a port that I knew well. There could be no doubt that the villains had providentially mistaken their course (I had frequently heard them anathematize the vessel's steering,) and were running into the lion's mouth; for it was indubitably the harbor of Cowes that we were now entering with full speed which a strong breeze imparted to our enormous sails, and in half an hour more we anchored amidst a crowd of English shipping. I approached the captain and tremblingly asked permission to go on shore. To my joyful surprise, he accorded the request with a laugh; and calling to a boat in the vicinity, I escaped from that floating pandemonium.

I stood once more on British ground; but there was little time for self-congratulation, for I had a stern duty to perform. Rushing up to a petty officer in naval uniform, who just then came out of a public house, I arrested him with the astounding intelligence that a slave was lying almost under the guns of his vessel. "Where?" he demanded, surveying me with incredulous surprise.

"There! there!" I breathlessly exclaimed, pointing to the iniquitous schooner. "That, your precious fool!" he coarsely retorted; "that's Mr. Swigham's yacht, as is just in from a cruise."

I staggered back as the truth burst upon me. Though a white man and a free-born British subject, I had been most atrociously sold, and the book on which I had expended so much time, labor, and talent, was simply waste paper.

### SELF-TAUGHT MEN.

In the different monarchies of Europe, where the means of early education are limited; where the inhabitants are divided into classes, and power is exclusively vested in the hands of the wealthy or noble, where in a word Aristocracy rules and the mechanic is too often regarded as a machine, intended to increase the comforts of the favored few who inherit wealth and dignity, honor and distinction, those stimulants to high-souled and enterprising deeds, are presumed to be beyond the reach of the man who gains his livelihood by honest industry—yet even there, where immorality, imbecility and property are so often considered synonymous terms, the humble mechanic and the lowly *serf*, undaunted by the cheerless prospect before them—have in many instances struggled successfully for fame and distinction against the tremendous tide of prejudice; and by the force of energy and enterprise alone, have attained the summit of eminence and wealth, and gained immortality, by increasing

the knowledge or administering to the comforts and happiness of their fellow men.

Richard Arkwright passed the earlier part of his life in the humble occupation of a barber—but he was fond of reading, and what proved of more value to him, he had early acquired habits of reflection. He conceived the idea of spinning cotton by means of machinery, and notwithstanding he was miserably poor and friendless notwithstanding he was everywhere ridiculed, as a visionary projector, who deserved a cell in a mad house, by the force of energy and application he succeeded in carrying his design (which has proved so beneficial to the human race) into effect—and afterwards revealed in all the luxuries of wealth, and was knighted by his sovereign.

John Leslie was the son of a humble farmer of Largo, in the Lowlands of Scotland, and when he had attained his sixteenth year he had made considerable progress in all the branches taught at the village school. He was then employed as a herdsman—and as the pastures in which he tended his cattle was for the most part hedged in, his attendance was more a necessity of being in the fields, than an employment. This gave him leisure, and he sought to improve his mind. By some means he became possessed of a copy of Simpson's Euclid, upon which he commenced his career as a mathematician. He powdered the footpaths of the hedge with sand—delineated his figures thereon—and closing his book, went through his demonstration. It so happened that one day the minister of Largo was taking a walk—which led him by the other side of the hedge, and he was startled by hearing muttered sounds, and listening he could hear distinctly the words *angle—triangle—perpendicular, and hypotenuse—and A, B, C*—mingled with words and sentences. "This must be the mathematics!" quoth the minister of Largo—and he was truly astonished to find Jock Leslie overcoming that in solitude and without instructions which the minister himself had never been able to teach at St. Andrew's University.

Suffice it to say that by his means Leslie received a University education—became afterwards distinguished for his scholastic attainments and grasp of intellect—and succeeded the lamented Playfair as Professor of National Philosophy in the Edinburgh University.

William Clifford was the son of a dissipated mariner, and at his father's death was left friendless and forlorn; he was put on board a coasting vessel by his godfather, as a cabin boy, where he remained until he was fourteen years of age. He was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker, and continued at this trade until he was nineteen years old. During his apprenticeship, he devoted every leisure moment to study, and without any instruction made himself master of Algebra and Geometry. Being destitute of paper, pens and ink, he hammered out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought his problems on them with a blunted awl. His perseverance and industry were rewarded. The fame of his literary pursuits reached the ears of a gentleman, who interested himself in his fate—he was the means of purchasing the remainder of his time, and of placing him in a situation, where he could acquire a classical education—and he afterwards became one of the ablest writers, and most distinguished critics of his day.

From the Scientific American.

### SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

The history of our globe, as given by geologists generally, from their interpretation of the remains of animals and vegetables found in the earth's crust, has excited much controversy among men of science—divines and scholars—during the past half century; and the controversy is still carried on with no small amount of vehemence. The main subject of discussion is the account of the Creation in the first chapter of the Bible. The general belief entertained from of old regarding the meaning of this chapter, is that the acts of distinct creations, described therein took place during days like those we now enjoy—of twenty-four hours duration; also, that the period of time which has elapsed since those grand events, amounts to about six thousand years. Soon after geology commenced to be studied as a science, this interpretation of the acts of Creation began to be disputed, by geologists asserting that the rocks presented evidence of the greater antiquity of the earth, and that the days of Creation mentioned in Genesis meant in great epochs of time—perhaps millions of years. Fifty years since Dr. Chalmers, combating the views of those who asserted that

geology taught infidelity, said, "this is a false alarm; the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe." Since then great has been the number of essays and books which have issued from the press, discussing the questions *pro* and *con*. These are too numerous for us to mention; our present object is, principally to notice two of the most recent, viz., the work of Taylor Lewis, Prof. of Greek in Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and an elaborate Review of it in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, by Prof. Dana, of Yale College.

Prof. Lewis, who is stated to be deeply learned in the Hebrew language, admits that the days mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis mean great epochs of time, but he casts aspersions on Geology, men of science, and science itself. We admit that certain theorizings of individuals, like the writings of Aristotle, may pass current for science; but it is "science" falsely so called. Real science is simple truths or facts arranged or set in order; it is nothing more. Prof. Lewis does not clearly make this distinction, and Prof. Dana has answered him correctly and ably in defence of science.

We will now endeavor to present the substance of Prof. Dana's account of the history of Creation, because it is the latest, clearest, and best we have seen, and must be of interest to every son of Adam. He states that Geology proves our earth to have been at one time a fiery ball in space; then dry land and seas appeared with a tropical climate over the whole globe. At a later period, mountains began to enlarge, the dry land to expand, a temperate climate to gather about the poles, and tribes of animals became more localized. Then, in the last age before man, the continents take their full breadth; rivers flow, everywhere valleys are formed; the zones of climate became nearly like our own, and every region of the globe has its peculiar fauna. "Finally, the features, and climates and life attain all their present variety, as man appears to take his place at the command of his maker."

His ideas regarding the production of the earth, and as we have seen, endorsed by Prof. Dana, we presume they are accepted as the most correct theory of light by all who have paid any attention to the subject. He says, "without mutual molecular action, there could be neither light nor heat. But let it be endowed with intense attraction of different degrees or conditions, and it would produce light as the first effect of mutual action begun. The command, 'Let light be,' was the summons to activity in matter." The plain meaning of this is, that the matter composing the earth was in existence before the law of gravity, and that when it (matter) was endowed with gravity, the mutual action resulting therefrom produced light; in other words, light is an effect of the law of gravitation.

The records of the rocks, Prof. Dana asserts, declare that the creations of the animal kingdoms came not forth all at once but in long progression. There was an age when shell-fish, such as cuttle fish, corals, and trilobites, were dominant. The earth was then too warm, and the atmosphere too impure for more exalted forms. "This was the Silurian age of geological science." The next age was when fishes filled the seas, which was the Devonian of Geology. Then followed another, when reptiles, frogs, and salamanders commenced. Land plants then came forth, and were of exuberant growth to abstract carbonic gas from the atmosphere and purify the air. The vegetable products of that age are now found in our coal fields. After this came the "Septilian age," when there were reptiles on land, and flying reptiles in the air.

In each of these ages there were distinct creations succeeding to extinctions of previously existing life. "Through the Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Reptilian ages, in America—fifteen times at least the seas were swept of species, and in the succeeding epoch not a species of the former occurs." All this occurred during the fifth day of Genesis, according to geologists, which may have occupied a period of more than a million of our years.

The next epoch, the sixth day, was the advent of men, and the more perfect mammals and Prof. Dana asserts with other geologists, that "the whole plan of creation has evident reference to Man, as the end and crown of the animal kingdom," and science had no evidence that any living species have been created since his appearance on his globe.

There is no dispute whatever in regard to the order of creation; geologists assert that the orders of creation, described in

Genesis, exactly accord with geological science and the records of the rocks and Scripture are in perfect harmony. The only subject of dispute, then, is in reference to the question of time; there is not and cannot be any conflict between "Science and Revelation."

### HORACE WALPOLE.

The name of Horace Walpole is inseparably connected with the history of English literature during the age which has recently passed away—and the elegant retirement in which he lived for many years at Strawberry Hill—which became a receptacle of whatever was rare and valuable among the arts, or worthy of note in literature—has furnished the theme for many pages of interesting description. A writer in the London Literary Gazette furnishes a portrait of Horace Walpole, where the features are probably not softened, but stand out forcibly in all the ruggedness of truth. The following is an extract:—

"It is to the charm of his letters, &c., that Walpole owes his European reputation as an author. He is the prince of agreeable gossip. For brilliant wit, lively anecdote, and an easy, elegant style, he may fairly rank with the Marquis de Sevigne; but of sublime and picturesque description, delicate satire, and generous sentiment, such as breathe through the letters of Gray, Cowper, and (occasionally) Burns, he has none. The antechamber of the palace, the closet of the courtier, and the penetralia of some garulous beauty, whose charity had gone the way of her charms, were the atmosphere in which he lived. He is without a rival in telling an unctuous tale of scandal. A back-stairs intrigue and a fashionable *fauz pas* lose nothing in his hands. His inveterate love of caricature led him into the most exaggerated descriptions of persons and events, which, however entertaining, must be taken with liberal deductions. He slurs by an innuendo, and lampoons in a line. His sly humor is irresistible, and infects with its wanton wickedness. He always writes for effect, and seldom fails to attain it. But the knave that makes the *Ballad-mew*! Johnson's provoked fish-wife, who cursed the poor eel for not lying still while she was skinning it, was compared to him an angel of mercy; and the compassionate Isaac, when he tenderly tells *Piscator* to pass his hook through the worm's gullet as "though he loved him," a humane man. He doted on mischief *per se*, and like the gibbering antic—

"Within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,"  
he sat in his easy chair, a (monastic relic) in his toy-shop at Twickenham, mocking at patriotism and political honesty, neither of which, (like his father) he believed in. He was the patriarch of three reigns, and the Methuselah of his family, passing a long life in luxurious and lettered ease. He knew Pope, was intimate with Colley Cibber, and had "touched a card with the Clive," the termagant Kitty! He discomfited Garrick because he was too much of an actor off the stage; whereas the said Horace wore the cap and mask, ay, and often the bells, from manhood's first scene to the last. He had Chloë's great want—he wanted "a heart," as can be proved by his early estrangement from the poet Gray, and his unkind treatment of Chatterton—

"The wondrous boy who perished in his pride."  
For many years Strawberry Hill was a great public attraction. Such a collection of relics, literary, historical, artistic, and antiquarian, was, perhaps never brought together by the recalcitrant research, refined taste, and untiring industry of one man. Horace Walpole deserves well of the world. The elegance and urbanity of his manners and address and his abstinence from the grosser vices (whether from dislike or principle we have no right to inquire, gave to his order, which in his earlier days, greatly needed it a tone of refinement and sobriety which it has never since lost, while his example has many enlightened and liberal collectors and selectors of the curious and rare among the titled and the rich. Literature owes him no small debt of gratitude, for to every lover of it, his works are a most healthful boon."

As a Yankee lady pictures a good man as one who is careful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the bible 'thout spellin' the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on washday to save the wimmin-folks from cookin'.

The longest day is now discovered to be the day before your wedding.